the

Gatherer

The GATHERER

Twenty-ninth year

PAUL J. BROWN

By ROBERT HASKELL, '47

Paul Brown is symbolic of educational advancement. He came to us from the Bucksport schools, where he had for several years held the position of principal. Islands were not new to him, as he had been born and brought up on an island off the coast of Massachusetts.

When he arrived there was much to be done for the schools of Union 76. Mr. Brown, who is a natural hustler, set out to correct the evils as he saw them. This he did to the utmost satisfaction of both school board and townspeople.

In 1945 Mr. Brown overcame much opposition to institute the school lunch program, which is probably the greatest improvement in the last twenty-five years.

Mr. Brown, who is an advocate of the consolidated school, has done much to bring this before the public eye, so that when the opportunity for government aid comes, we will be able to take advantage of it.

The pupils of this school are very proud of Mr. Brown, and wish him much success in his new position.

In appreciation of his integrity,
his progressiveness, and his uncounted
services to McKinley High School, and
with deep regret at losing his friendly
presence, we, the class of 1947,
respectfully dedicate this book to

PAUL J. BROWN

FACULTY
McKINLEY HIGH SCHOOL
1946 – 1947

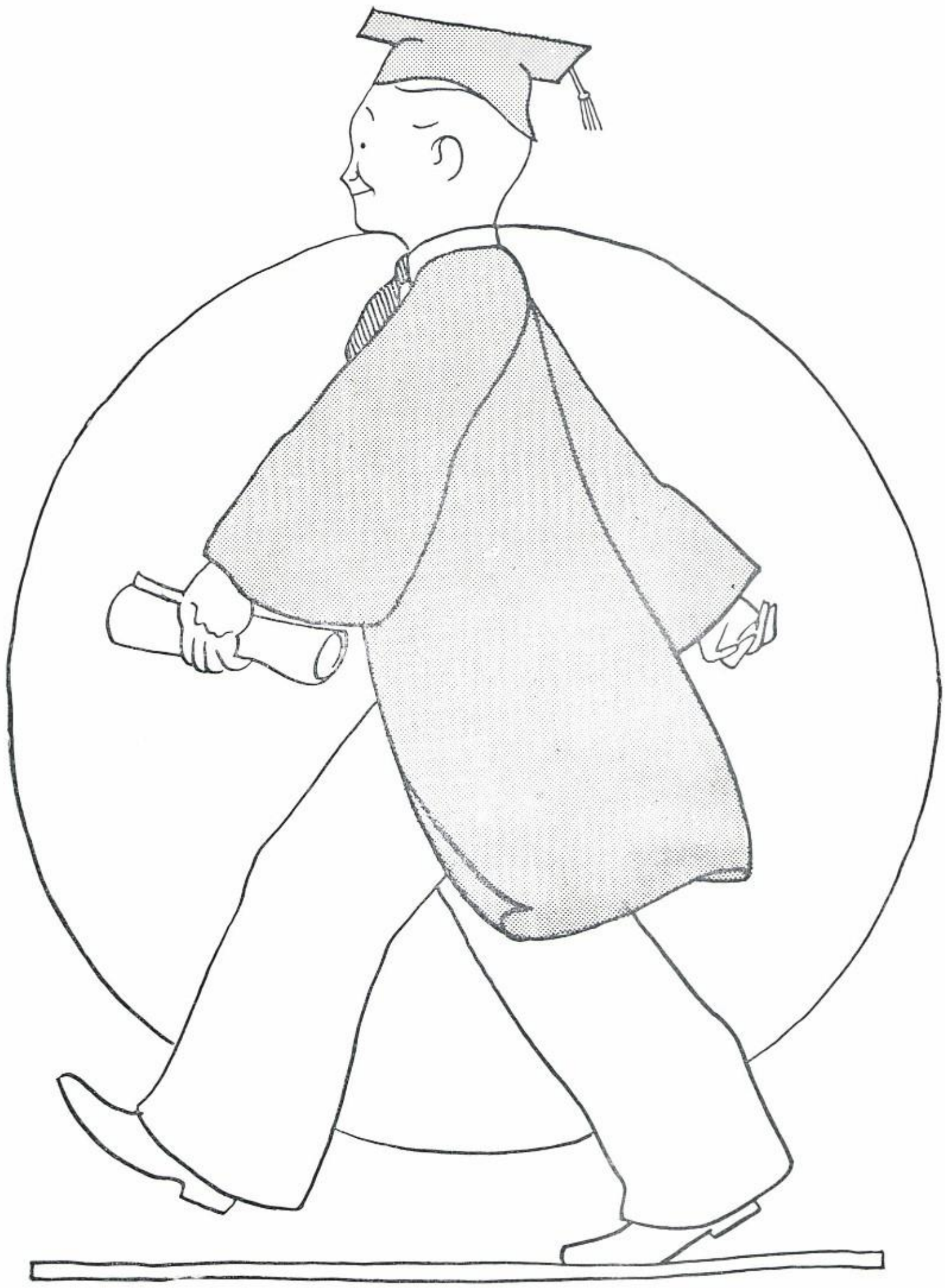
Principal
Murdock S. Matheson, B.S.
Mathematics, Science

Maud P. Thayer, B.A., Ed. M.
Social Science, English,
French

Frieda H. Matheson, B.A., M.A.
Government, English,
Latin

Marion Jacques, B.M.
Music

Superintendent
Ralph S. Smith, B.A., Ed. M.



SENIORS

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

By GOLDIE SPOFFORD, '47

On September 7, 1943, thirteen freshmen entered the doors of McKinley High School. Our teachers were Mr. Arthur Cole, principal, Miss Alice Robbins, and Mrs. Ruth Hamlin, who was later replaced by Miss Ethel Rand.

We had barely got settled, when a freshman reception was given in our honor. Of course we were frightened, but we lived through the day, as freshmen usually do. During the year, Dorothea and Phyllis Beam, Vernette Nevells, and Barbara Stinson left, and we were joined by Glennis Pickering and Sylvia Robbins.

Our sophomore year, we had one new teacher, Mrs. Maude Stinson, who replaced Miss Robbins. This year was a little more exciting, since we had the privilege of initiating the freshmen. We lost Gilbert Powers from our class. In the spring we put on a Sophomore Recital, with first prize going to Gilbert Taylor, second to Marjorie Hill, and third to Myron Hardy. At graduation, most of us had the pleasure of being in the Senior pageant, "The Open Road."

We had the same teachers our Junior year. Sylvia Robbins did not rejoin us. We gave the Town Meeting Play, "The Daffy Dills", coached by Mrs. Stinson.

We started our Senior year with three new teachers, whom we welcomed heartily to M. H. S. They were: Principal, Murdock Matheson, who taught Science, Mathematics, and coached athletics; Mrs. Frieda Matheson, Government, English, and Latin; and Miss Maud Thayer, French, English, and Dramatics. Since Lorraine Arenburg and Glennice Pickering did not return, our numbers were reduced to ten. At Thanksgiving we put on the play, "Shrubbery Hill", coached by Miss Thayer.

After a lapse of several years, basketball was introduced again.

Miss Marion Jacques has been with us part of the year as music instructor. She has organized a chorus, an orchestra is in the making, and possibly a revival of the band.

In all these activities, many Seniors have participated.

We had the misfortune, this winter, to lose our popular and efficient Mr. Brown. Our new superintendent, Mr. Ralph Smith, has been welcomed, and we hope he will like his work here.

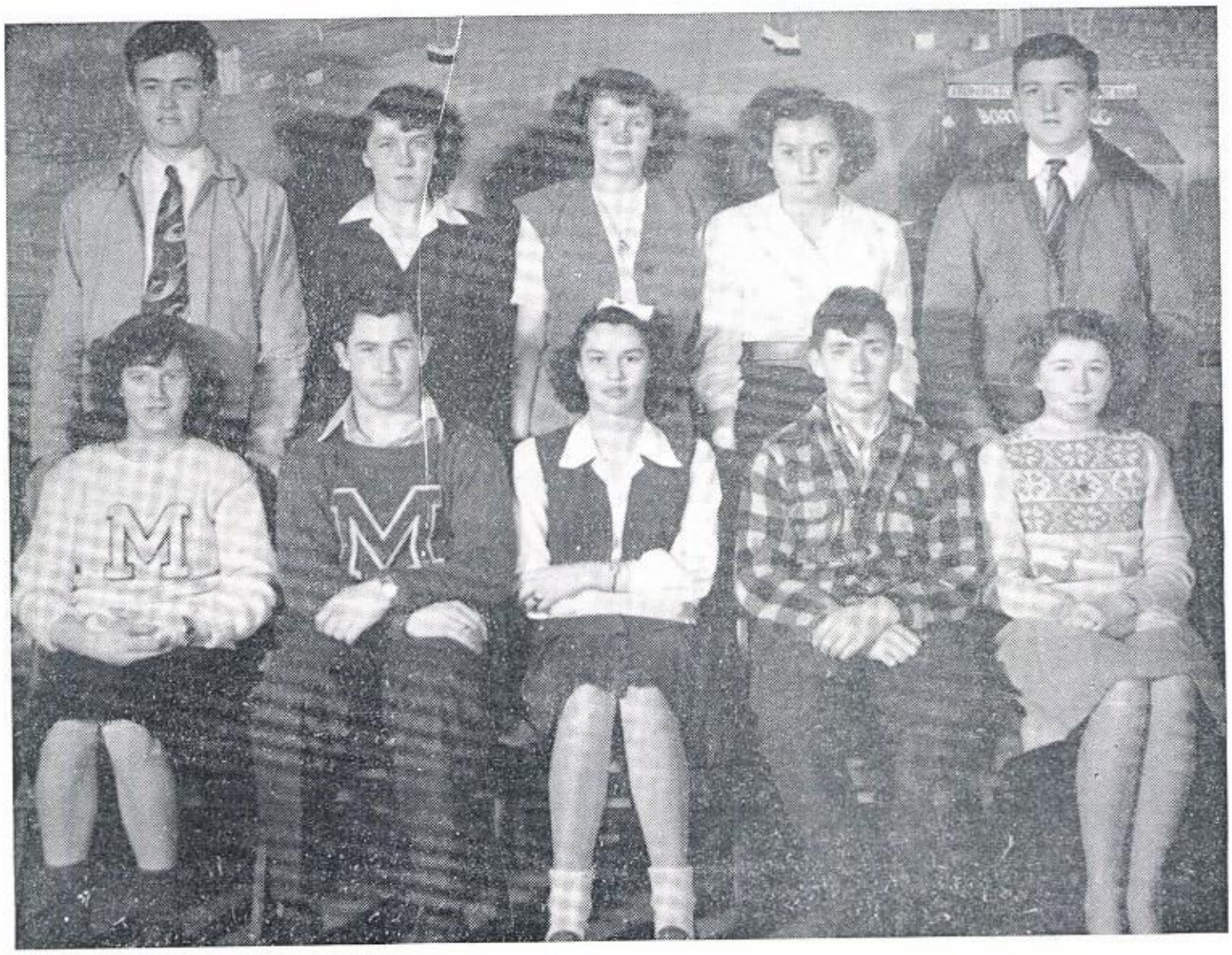
We are now making last minute plans for our class trip to New York.

Our yearbook is due at the press very soon. And then will come plans for graduation, on May 28. Like other Seniors, whom we have watched depart, we, too, must see the doors of McKinley close behind us.

SENIORS
Class of 1947

President ..... Robert Haskell
Vice President ..... Myron Hardy
Secretary ..... Robert Betts
Treasurer ..... Marjorie Haskell

Class Motto: In Ourselves, Our Future Lies
Class Colors: Blue and White
Class Flower: Red Rose



Second row—G. Taylor, G. Spofford, B. Dunham, M. Hill, R. Haskell.
First row—N. Billings, M. Hardy, M. Haskell, R. Betts, R. Eaton.

ROBERT EUGENE BETTS

"Betts"

Born at Sunshine, Dec. 24, 1930. Course, English; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Town Meeting Play 3; Thanksgiving Play 4; Treasurer 3; Secretary 4; Chorus 4; Orchestra 4; Athletic Editor of "Gatherer" 4.

Betts is the athlete of our class. When political discussion is going on, he is always right there. He's popular with all the girls, but his chief interest is in the one we call "Dill". We are uncertain as to what you intend to do, Betts, but whatever it is we wish you the best of luck.

NORMA JOYCE BILLINGS

"Shorty"

Born at Little Deer Isle, Dec. 13, 1929. Course, English; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Graduation Pageant 2; Town Meeting Play 3; Thanksgiving Play 4; Class President 1; Student Council 1; Chorus 4; Orchestra 4; Typing Editor of "Gatherer" 4.

Shorty is our class typist, and our only member from far away Little Deer Isle. She has special interest in a boy from Sunset. Probably a Snowden, what do you think? She intends to take up dancing. The Class of '47 wishes you good luck, Norma.

BEVERLY CE[illegible]ILE DUNHAM

"Bev"

Born at Stonington, Oct. 29, 1929. Course, English; Softball 1, 3, 4; Sophomore Recital 2; Town Meeting Play 3; Thanksgiving Play 4; Class Treasurer 1; Usher 1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus 4; Orchestra 4; Local Editor of "Gatherer" 4.

Even though Bev is very modest, she is very active in school affairs, and likes outdoor sports. We wonder why she seems so down hearted lately. Could it be that "Shell" has gone steamfitting for the summer? She plans to take up secretarial work, and since she has a painstaking way of doing things, we know she'll succeed.

ROSAMOND LINNIE EATON

"Rosie"

Born at Stonington, Jan. 1, 1930. Course, English; Softball 2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager 4; Sophomore Recital 2; Town Meeting Play 3; Thanksgiving Play 4; Class Secretary 1; Student Council 1; Chorus 4; Orchestra 4; Literary Editor of "Gatherer" 4.

Rosie is the baby of our class, and the one who always manages to giggle when no one else can. Wonder what makes her so happy lately? Could it be because one more Little Deer Isle soldier is home? Rosie plans to be a nurse, and is going to train at the Eastern Maine General.

MYRON STANLEY HARDY

"Joe"

Born at Stonington, Sept. 24, 1929. Course, College; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Vice President of Athletic Association 4; Class President 3; Vice President 4; Treasurer 2; Student Council 3; Sophomore Recital 2; Graduation Pageant 2; Town Meeting Play 3; Thanksgiving Play 4; "Gatherer" 2, 3; Chorus 4; Orchestra 4; Asst. Business Manager of "Gatherer" 4.

Frequently this year we've heard rumors of cars being smashed up, but eventually we began to think very little of it, because it would always be Joe. He's very active in basketball and baseball. We understand he's going to attend the U. of M., and possibly become a world famous ball player.

MARJORIE HASKELL

"Midge"

Born at Deer Isle, July 27, 1929. Course, English; Softball 1; Basketball 4; Sophomore Recital 2; Graduation Pageant 2; Town Meeting Play 3; Thanksgiving Play 4; Librarian 2, 4; Treasurer 4; Junior Marshal 3; Chorus 4; Usher 1, 2, 3, 4; Alumni Editor of "Gatherer" 4.

Here's the girl from the famous "King Row", who for four years has taken special interest in school activities, and who will be greatly missed by M. H. S. next year. Her affection for the Army has greatly increased all of a sudden, but we won't tell why, because Wendell might not like it. We wish you the best of luck at the Maine School of Commerce, Midge.

ROBERT RAYMOND HASKELL

"Haskell"

Born at Stonington, May 21, 1929. Course, College; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Sophomore Recital 2; Town Meeting Play 3; Thanksgiving Play 4; Class President 2, 4; Vice President 1; Secretary 3; Student Council 1, 2, 3; President of Student Council 3; "Gatherer" 3; General Manager Curtis Plan 4; President of Athletic Association 4; Chorus 4; Business Manager "Gatherer" 4; Valedictorian 4.

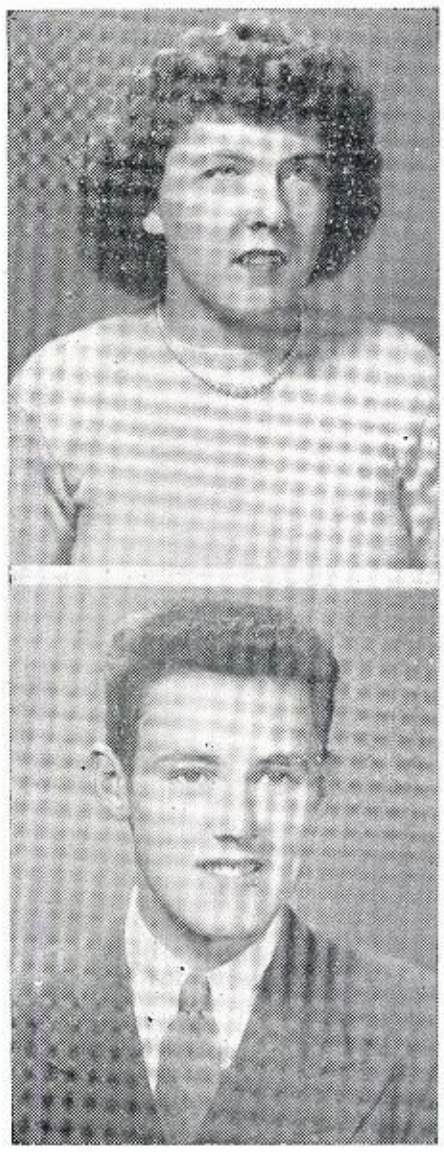
Bob, the genius of our class, has done more than his part in class activities. His efficiency in handling business matters has made him popular throughout the school. He likes all the girls, but there's always one special one.

MARJORIE JUDITH HILL

"Judy"

Born at Boston, Mass., April 16, 1929. Course, College; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Sophomore Recital 2; Graduation Pageant 2; Town Meeting Play 3; Thanksgiving Play 3, 4; Librarian 4; Class Secretary 2; Usher 1, 2, 3, 4; Gatherer 2, 3; Chorus 4; Orchestra 4; Editor-in-Chief of "Gatherer"; Salutatorian 4.

Judy is the dynamite of our class, and is always ready to cooperate and do her part in class activities. She likes both basketball and softball, and has been very active in dramatics. She plans to attend the U of M. next year. With her personality, she'll make a good nurse.



EDITH GOLDIE SPOFFORD

"Goldie"

Born at Blue Hill, Nov. 22, 1929. Course, English; Softball 4; Sophomore Recital 2; Town Meeting Play 3; Thanksgiving Play 4; Senior Pageant, pianist 3; Librarian 1; Usher 1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus 4; Orchestra 4; Class Editor of "Gatherer" 4.

Goldie is one of our honor students, and never fails to help us out when we need a pianist. Her participation in class activities has been constant and reliable. At present her affections are centered around a certain sailor, whom she is bound to "Win". She plans to attend the Eastern Maine General Hospital next year, and train to be a nurse. Best of luck in your career, Goldie.

GILBERT CLINTON TAYLOR

"Gib"

Born at South Deer Isle, Aug. 12, 1929. Course, College; Sophomore Recital 2; Graduation Pageant 2; Town Meeting Play 3; Thanksgiving Play 4; Gatherer 2; Basketball Manager 4; Chorus 4; Art Editor of "Gatherer" 4; Historian 4.

Gib's breezy wit and jovial countenance have contributed much to our class during the last four years. He has a great talent for drawing, and is very musical. He plans to attend Harvard next year. With your talent for cartooning, Gib, you should go far. The class of '47 wishes you the best of luck.

UNDERGRADUATES

JUNIORS

Class of 1948

President ..... Priscilla Capen
Vice President ..... Frank McVeigh
Secretary ..... Elizabeth Hill
Treasurer ..... Albert Eaton

Class Motto: We Build the Ladder by Which We Climb
Colors: Coral and Aqua
Class Flower: Lupine

Second row—D. Davis, E. Hill, F. McVeigh
First row—M. Barbour, P. Capen, E. Eaton, C. Hutchinson

SOPHOMORES

Class of 1949

President ..... Lindsey Milan
Vice President ..... Frank Pickering
Secretary ..... Wilfred Conary
Treasurer ..... Christine Dunham

Class Motto: We Build the Ship in Which We Sail
Class Color: Blue and White
Class Flower: Yellow Rose

Third row—P. Davis, W. Conary, W. Spofford, C. Barbour, G. Haskell.
Second row—W. MacDonald, C. Barbour, C. Betts, L. Milan, F. Pickering, B. Pickering
First row—C. Howard, D. Poitras, S. Eaton, C. Dunham, C. Billings.

FRESHMEN

Class of 1950

President ..... Charles Poitras
Vice President ..... Duane Gray
Secretary ..... Lucy Small
Treasurer ..... Gloria Barbour

Class Colors: Red and Yellow
Class Flower: Red Carnation

Third row—A. Pickering, E. Spofford.
Second row—B. Haskell, R. Poitras, D. Gray, N. Haskell, C. Poitras.
First row—B. Thompson, C. Morey, L. Small, J. Howard, D. Snowman.

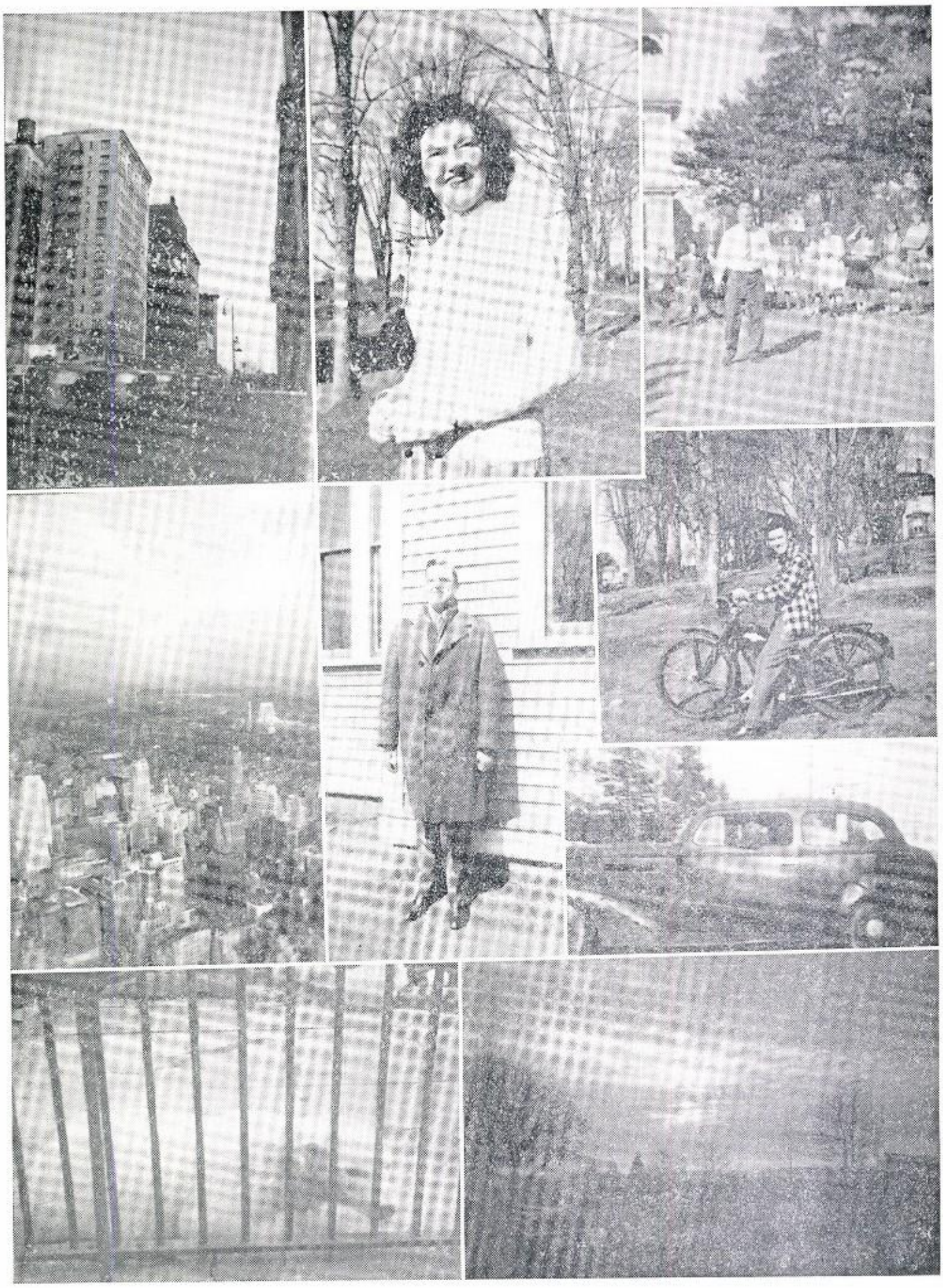
GRADE VIII

Class of 1951

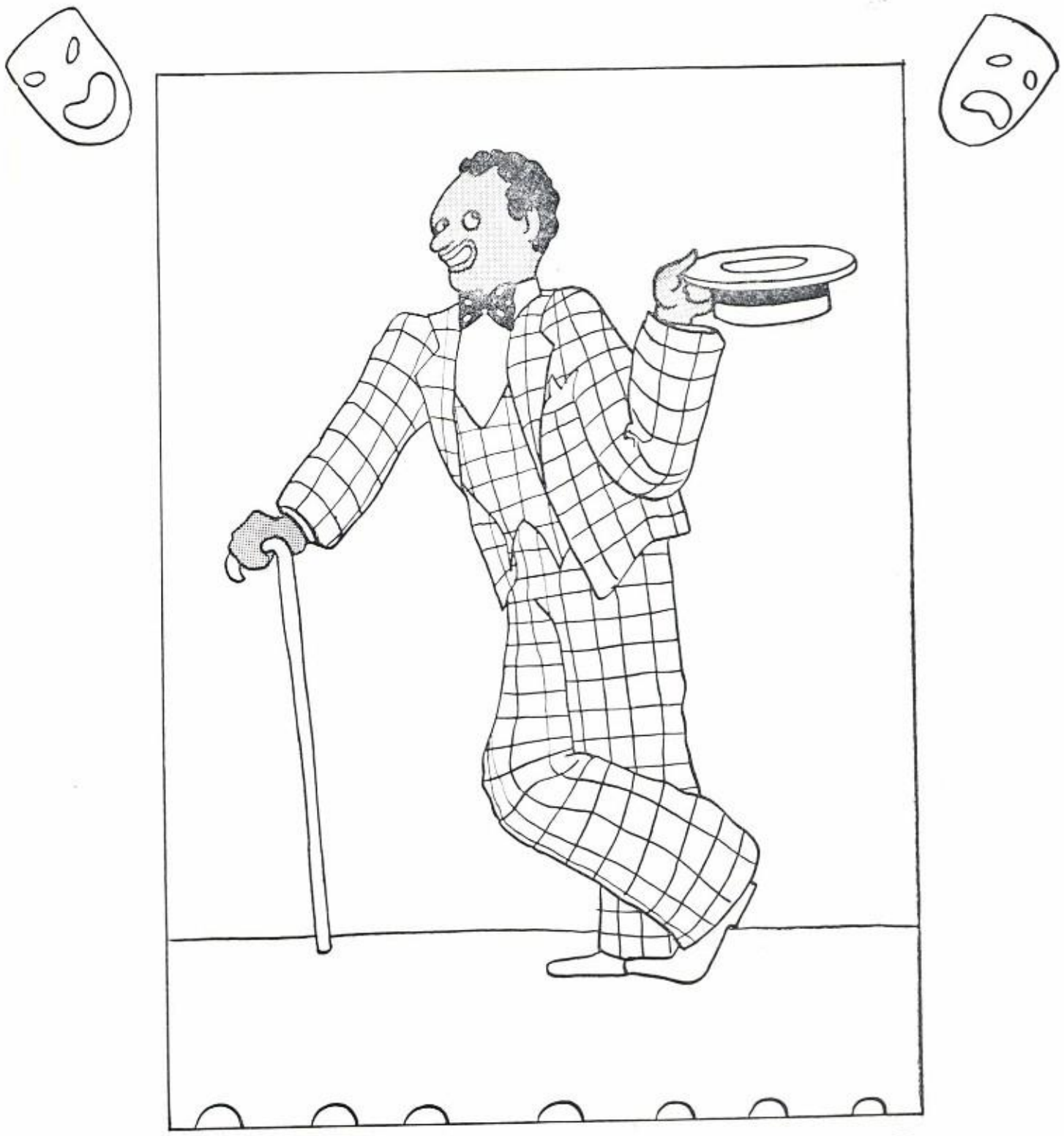
President ..... Norma Greenlaw
Vice President ..... Lorraine Poitras
Secretary ..... Beverly Eaton
Treasurer ..... Wilfred Weed

Class Colors: Yellow and White
Class Flower: Yellow Carnation

Second row—W. Weed, R. Allison, E. Dunham, H. Davis, E. Eaton, M. Robbins.
First row—M. Davis, L. Poitras, J. Haskell, N. Greenlaw, B Eaton.



Top—7th Ave.; Miss Jacques; Fall Volleyball.
Center—From Empire State; Mr. Smith; Servicycle; Just a Memory.
Bottom—Polar Bear (?); Bronx Zoo; Deer Isle Sunset.



THE LOCALS

Second row—C. Hutchinson, F. Pickering, M. Hardy, P. Capen, M. Barbour, W. Conary, F. McVeigh.
Front row—R. Haskell, N. Billings, B. Dunham, G. Spofford, R. Eaton, M. Haskell, M. Hill, R. Betts, G. Taylor.

THE "GATHERER" STAFF

The "Gatherer" staff, chosen this year by the Senior Class instead of by the school, started work in January with Marjorie Hill as Editor, and Robert Haskell as Business Manager.

In presenting the book we call attention to the fact that we have given more prominence to activities and athletics than in former years, as we believe them to be a very important part of our school life.

Thanks to the efforts of the business manager, who has been assisted by Myron Hardy and Frank Pickering, we have one of the largest advertising sections the "Gatherer" has ever had. We are grateful to the business firms that responded so generously and made our book financially possible.

We should like to thank the teachers also for their help.

Members of the staff were:

Editor-in-Chief	Marjorie Hill
Business Manager	Robert Haskell
Literary Editor	Rosamond Eaton
Athletics Editor	Robert Betts
Activities Editor	Beverly Dunham
Class Editor	Goldie Spofford
Alumni Editor	Marjorie Haskell
Art Editor	Gilbert Taylor
Typing Editor	Norma Billings
First Assistant Business Manager	Frank Pickering
Second Assistant Business Manager	Myron Hardy
Assistant Literary Editor	Mary Alice Barbour
Assistant Class Editor	Priscilla Capen
Assistant Alumni Editor	Charlotte Hutchinson
Assistant Athletic Editor	Wilfred Conary
Assistant Art Editor	Frank McVeigh

Fourth row—N. Billings, P. Capen, L. Poitras, C. Howard, N. Greenlaw, B. Eaton, R. Allison.
Third row—G. Taylor, B. Pickering, F. Pickering, R. Haskell, L. Milan, E. Dunham, W. Conary, C. Barbour, R. Betts, M. Hardy.
Second row—C. Hutchinson B. Thompson, J. Howard, J. Haskell, W. Spofford, B. Dunham, R. Eaton, E. Hill, M. Haskell, M. Hill.
First row—M. Barbour, L. Small, C. Dunham, D. Snowman, S. Eaton, G. Spofford, E. Eaton, G. Haskell.

THE CHORUS

The McKinley High School Chorus, under the direction of Miss Marion Jacques, greeted the Christmas season in song. From a company of interested but untrained voices, it has progressed in a most favorable manner to a group of thirty-five singers.

By the end of the year we will have performed on Town Meeting evening, and at graduation.

A grand start has been made in choral singing. We look forward to an even better glee club in future years.

On the days when the group is not making music, they eagerly listen to the music of others. Grey, Wagner, and Tschaikowsky are among the composers studied. By questions and comments the class learns what instruments create either gay or melancholic moods, what factors make a piece popular, and how to critically judge both popular and classical music.

Thanks are due to those who graciously lent records for use in appreciation classes. A very beneficial gift would be an electric photograph and an accumulative record collection.

Back row—W. Conary, F. Pickering, C. Dunham, B. Pickering, G. Taylor.
Front row—G. Spofford, B. Dunham, R. Eaton, E. Hill, L. Milan, D. Poitras.

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra, under the direction of Miss Marion Jacques, consists of twelve pieces. They are: three trumpets, played by Frank Pickering, Christine Dunham, and Benjamin Pickering; five clarinets, played by Lindsey Milan, Dolores Poitras, Rosamond Eaton, Beverly Dunham, and Myron Hardy; mellophone, Norma Billings; violin, Elizabeth Hill; bass drum, Raymond Poitras; and snare drum, Marjorie Hill.

In addition to this, several of us are being given separate instruction in playing various instruments.

The orchestra practices twice a week, and slowly but surely, we are learning several pieces.

We have had trouble in obtaining instruments, and we would have more players if they could be supplied with instruments.

We hope that this year's work may lead to a revival of the band of which Deer Isle was so proud.

ATHLETICS ASSOCIATION

The Athletic Association was organized in the fall with the following officers: Robert Haskell, president; Myron Hardy, vice president; Clara Howard, secretary; and Frank Pickering, treasurer.

Interest in basketball, which had not been a school sport for some years, was strong, and drillwork and shooting started on the playground soon after school began. Fifty per cent of the boys in the school, and sixty per cent of the girls, remained out for the team during the season. Practices for one of the two groups took place regularly in the town hall every afternoon. Several pupils not able to participate actively assisted faithfully with duties pertaining to running the games.

The Athletic Association sponsored the fair in November for the purpose of raising money for equipment. The proceeds from this, together with profits from games and donations from interested friends, enabled the association to purchase among many other things:

7 basketballs	$105.00
10 boys' basketball suits	75.00
18 girls' basketball suits	60.00
12 baseball suits	160.00
2 dozen baseballs	48.00
2 dozen bats	48.00

As the Gatherer goes to press, baseball and softball are under way, with plans laid for league games.

The Athletic Association will also assist in putting the new athletic field in condition, and looks forward to having some games there this season.

LIBRARY CLUB

The Library Club was organized early in the fall. Marjorie Haskell was elected president; Mary Barbour, vice president; Priscilla Capen, secretary; and Clara Howard, treasurer.

The first undertaking was the removal of all the books from the library shelves, and rearrangement of them, with a view to cataloguing them according to the Dewey Decimal system of classification. The library was then opened to members of the school under new rules formulated and adopted by the club.

During the year we have had *Time* and *Life* on the table, the well-worn covers of which testify to their popularity. Twenty-five new books, about equally divided between fiction and non-fiction, came in February. Some of the most popular of these have been *Seventeenth Summer, The Egg and I, The Voice of Bugle Ann,* and *All American.*

On April 13 we held a cooked food sale at the Chapel, the profits of which were about twenty dollars. This money will be used to pay for a six months' advance membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club. The first two books received were *The Lincoln Reader* and *Three Came Home.*

The members of the club are Marjorie Haskell, Marjorie Hill, Elizabeth Hill, Priscilla Capen, Mary Barbour, Clara Howard, Christine Dunham, Joan Howard, Gloria Barbour, Judith Haskell, Norma Greenlaw, and Beverly Eaton. Serving at the desk in turn, these girls have been responsible for charging books, keeping books in order, checking on overdue books, and maintaining order at the library table.

After a year of serious activity, the club plans to end the year with a picnic.

THE THANKSGIVING PLAY

The Seniors presented their play, "Shrubbery Hill", at the Town Hall on November 27, 1946. Miss Maud Thayer was the very able coach. The cast was as follows:

Mrs Pendleton	Marjorie Haskell
Randy	Frank McVeigh
Cynthia	Rosamond Eaton
Mr. Smith	Robert Betts
Mrs. Smith	Goldie Spofford
Edward	Gilbert Taylor
Joan	Marjorie Hill
Lilly Belle	Beverly Dunham
Joshua	Albert Eaton
Mammy	Norma Billings
Larrabee Randolph	Robert Haskell
Mr. Wiggin	Myron Hardy

The Oscars of the play went to Marjorie Hill, who did a smooth piece of acting as a young New Yorker, and to Robert Haskell for giving a perfect portrayal of an old Southern partisan of the Civil War, who showed remarkable vigor with the aid of innumerable hot toddies.

Other members of the cast should not go without praise: Marjorie Haskell as the very flighty owner of Shrubbery Hill; Frank McVeigh, her son, as the realistic Southerner with ambitions for the future; Rosamond Eaton as the sweet daughter; Robert Betts and Goldie Spofford portraying the likable couple from the North; Gilbert Taylor as their ingenious and sympathetic son. Albert Eaton played expertly the humorous negro servant, who was always misquoting the "Scripture"; Norma Billings acted the old "mammy"; and Beverley Dunham was the quiet, modest negro girl. Myron Hardy gave the right touch of haste and suspicion to the gambling New Yorker, eager to buy "Shrubbery Hill", at all costs.

THE TOWN MEETING PLAY

The Junior Class presented their play, "Who Killed Aunt Caroline" at the Town Hall on March 3, 1947. The play was coached by Miss Maud Thayer. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Eleanor Endicott	Elizabeth Hill
Agnes	Charlotte Hutchinson
Riccy	Lindsey Milan
Beryl	Priscilla Capen
Cicely	Clara Howard
Aunt Caroline	Cornelia Billings
Miss Mabbitt	Eleanor Eaton
David Thompson	Donald Davis
Dan Donovan	Wilfred Conary
Miss MacLain	Mary Alice Barbour
Una Hagaman	Beverly Eaton
Lt. Clayton	Frank McVeigh

The "Messenger" commented on two of the actresses who did their parts particularly well: Cornelia Billings, who acted the part of the tyrannical Aunt Caroline, and Clara Howard, who gave a perfect portrayal of a little girl of ten.

Each of the other players showed pronounced strength in some quality: Elizabeth Hill in her protective motherliness; Charlotte Hutchinson as the devoted elder daughter; Priscilla Capen in her naturalness as a high school bobby soxer with her pet slang; Eleanor Eaton's part as the not so meek companion to Aunt Caroline was well done; Donald Davis had a convincingly mature voice as the reporter; Mary Alice Barbour showed dignity as the interested Chemistry teacher; Beverly Eaton as an ill brought up music pupil was effectively brattish; Frank McVeigh played well the insistent detective; Wilfred Conary did a very good bit as the football star, after only a few rehearsals.

THE SOPHOMORE RECITAL

The Sophomore class presented their annual speaking contest in the Town Hall on April 30, 1946. The program was as follows:

How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost ..... Albert Eaton
Ma's Sabbath Mourn ..... Charlotte Hutchinson
Grandpa and the Miracle Grindstone ..... Elizabeth Hill
Piano Solo ..... Lindsey Milan
Voice From the Far Country ..... Mary Alice Barbour
O'Meara and the Mayflower ..... Richard Knowlton
The Black Cat ..... Priscilla Capen
Music ..... Phyllis Joyce and Goldie Spofford
Behind a Curtain ..... Eleanor Eaton
Courier of the Czar ..... Donald Davis
There Are Moments in the Lives of Men ..... Frank McVeigh
Piano Solo ..... Frank Pickering

The winners of the first thee prizes were coached by Miss Ethel Rand. They were: Elizabeth Hill, first prize; Charlotte Hutchinson, second prize; and Mary Alice Barbour, third prize. Honorable mention was won by Richard Knowlton, who was coached by Mr. Arthur Cole.

On May 3, the class went to Bar Harbor, where Elizabeth Hill and Richard Knowlton represented Deer Isle in the Hancock County Speaking Contest.

THE QUADRANGULAR SPEAKING CONTEST

The first Quadrangular Speaking Contest was held in the Deer Isle Town Hall on May 17, 1946. The four schools of Union 76, Deer Isle, Stonington, Sedgwick, and Brooklin participated. Those from McKinley High School who spoke were Elizabeth Hill and Charlotte Hutchinson.

First prize was awarded to William Goodrich, Stonington High School; second prize to Madeline Means, Brooklin High School, and third prize to Charlotte Hutchinson, McKinley High School.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS

The Baccalaureate Address, to the graduating class of McKinley High School, was delivered by Rev. Edward Manning on June 2, 1946. The organist was Mrs. Beatrice Knowlton. The school was marshalled by the Junior Class Marshal, Marjorie Haskell.

"Aim High" was the subject which Mr. Manning chose to talk on.

THE GRADUATING EXERCISES OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX

The Graduating Class of McKinley High School presented a pageant in the Town Hall on June 6, 1946. Marjorie Haskell, the class marshal, escorted the class in. The program was as follows:

Processional ..... Junior Class Marshal, Marjorie Haskell
Invocation ..... Rev. Edward L. Manning
Pageant—"Beyond the Port" ..... Senior Class
Presentation of Diplomas ..... Supt. Paul Brown
Presentation of Awards ..... Prin. Arthur Cole
Benediction ..... Rev. Edward Manning

"BEYOND THE PORT"

Salutatorian ..... Phyllis Joyce
Captain ..... Neville Eaton
First Mate and Historian ..... Wendall Davis
Three Sailors ..... Colby Weed, Wendall Davis, Sheldon Eaton
Purser's Poet ..... Madelyn Billings
Captain's Aide ..... Myrtle Billings
Ship's Doctor ..... Sadie Eaton
Ship's Hostess ..... Barbara Eaton
Stewardess ..... Carlotta Eaton
Neptune ..... Colby Weed
Triton ..... Myrtle Billings
Ambassador ..... Milton Haskell
Sea Nymphs ..... Carol Weed, Phyllis Joyce
Ancient Mariner ..... Milton Haskell
Giftorians ..... Myrtle Billings, Carlotta Eaton
Valedictorian ..... Neville Eaton
Pianist ..... Goldie Spofford

THE SENIOR CLASS TRIP

The Senior Class trip to New York, Sunday March 23, to Saturday March 29—except for the minor inconveniences and shortened views of less than perfect weather—was a complete success. First trip to New York for most of us, first time out of Maine for some, first travel by train for at least one, it will not soon be forgotten.

A bus trip up Riverside Drive failed, because of fog, to show us more than a faint outline of the palisades on the New Jersey shore across the Hudson. It did, however, give us a fine idea of the elevated highway that skirts the city, took us past the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument to Grant's Tomb, with its ancient battle flags and murals showing the battles of the Civil War, and to Riverside Church. Here we were fascinated by massive bronze doors, glorious stained glass windows, beautiful paintings, and in the bell tower, we saw the finest carillon in the world, with 72 bells weighing from ten pounds for the highest note to two tons for the lowest.

Tours of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Rockefeller Center, the Empire State Building, Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the boat trip to the Statue of Liberty filled our days. But somehow we tucked in visits, by phone and in person, with Deer Isle summer residents and friends, and did some shopping for graduation finery. The snapping of cameras wherever we went rewarded us with more intimate souvenirs than those we could purchase.

Of our pleasures at the Bronx Zoo we will perhaps longest remember the panda, the ever comic polar bears, the penguins, the inmates of the reptile house, and of the bird house where we found a parrot that could say "Goldie".

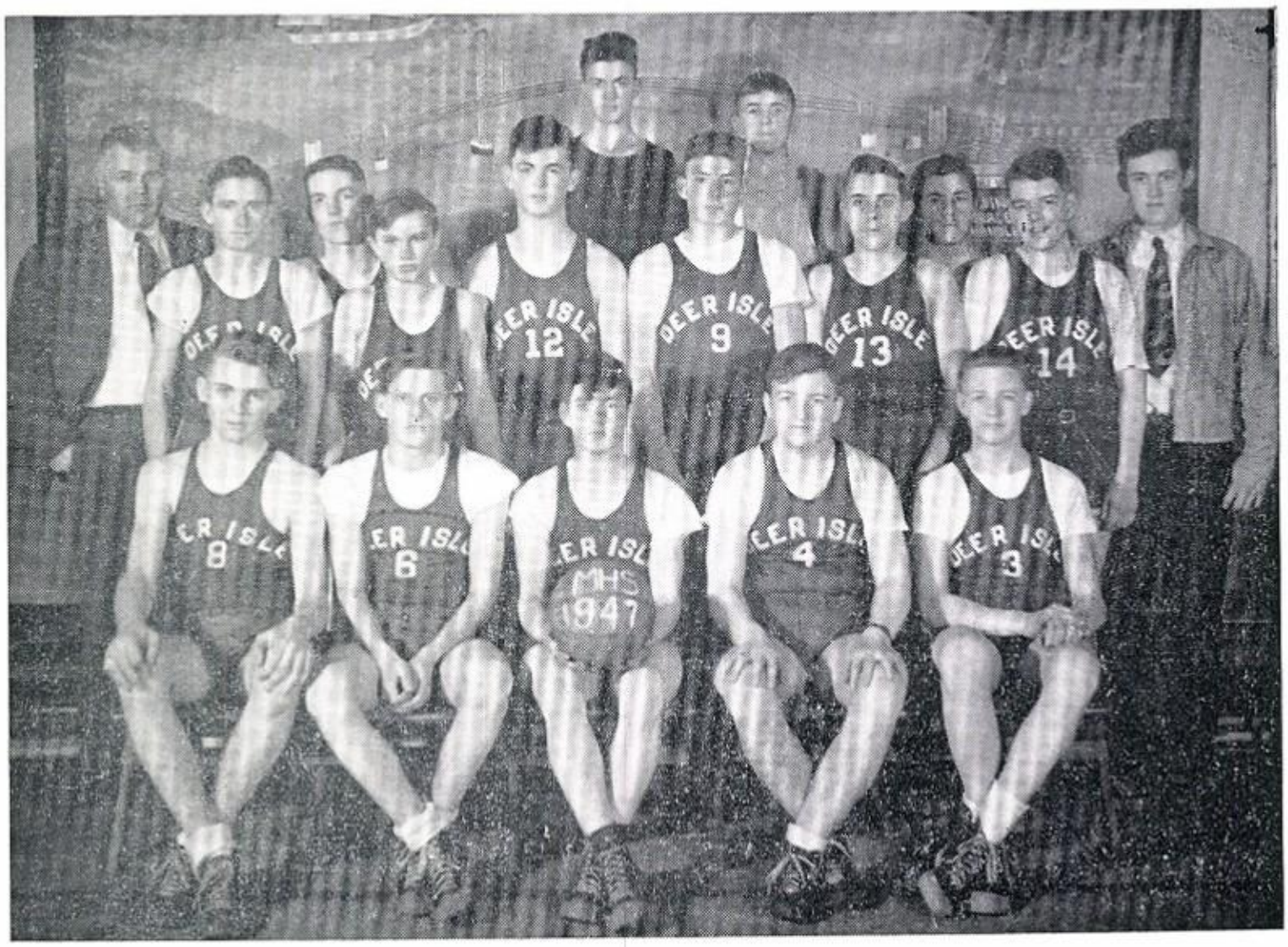
Oklahoma, Carousel, Icetime, Life With Father, movies, vaudeville —how did we crowd so much into so little time?

And after these, arcades, hole-in-the-wall photographers, joke sellers, roller skating, bowling, hot dogs, blaring music from loudspeakers, and animated electric signs. Broadway, Seventh Avenue, the Avenue of the Americas, and all those side streets from Times Square to Columbus Circle—will we ever forget them!

The last day, the one alloted to Boston, saw the group split up, going various ways in twos, threes, and fours, seeing old friends in and out of the city, visiting the State House, Museum of Fine Arts, Maparium, the "Constitution", Harvard University, meeting for lunch at the China House, and again at the North Station for the good old 4:30 that brought us to Bangor.

SPORTS

F. McVeigh



Back row—Mr. Matheson, C. Barbour, E. Dunham, W. Weed, M. Hardy, G. Taylor.
Middle row—B. Pickering, W. Conary, C. Betts, L. Milan, C. Poitras, B. Haskell.
Front row—F. McVeigh, R. Poitras, R. Betts, R. Haskell, F. Pickering.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The basketball season opened with practices in the Town Hall the Monday after the fair. Those out were: Seniors, Robert Betts, Robert Haskell, and Myron Hardy. Juniors were: Frank McVeigh; Sophomores were: Frank Pickering, Ben Pickering, Lindsey Milan, Wilfred Conary, Charles Barbour. Freshmen were: Charles Poitras, Raymond Poitras, and Bruce Haskell; grade eight, Wilfred Weed, and Erland Dunham. Later Charles Betts of the Sophomore class also reported. The team opened this year with Robert Betts and Raymond Poitras forwards, Frank McVeigh center, Myron Hardy and Robert Haskell guards. A later shift found Raymond Poitras guard, with Frank Pickering generally started as forward. Gilbert Taylor was the hard working team manager.

The first game was played with Penobscot at Deer Isle and the boys made a very creditable showing. The second game on the large Blue Hill floor was our worst defeat. The team progressed slowly until the second Stonington game, when in the most thrilling game of the season we led Stonington until the last minute of the game, losing by a 13-12 score. Victories were scored over Brooklin and Brooksville, the latter game lifting us out of a tie with Brooksville for the cellar position in the League.

Good work was exhibited at various times in the season by Frank McVeigh, Robert Betts, Frank Pickering, and Raymond Poitras, Poitras showing some sensational shooting in the Brooklin game at the end of the season. Progress of the team reflected the development of the guards, whose outstanding work in the last games brought us our triumphs and closest games. Most noticeable was the work of Myron Hardy, who became the team's most valuable player, not shooting, but through floorwork, guarding, and general team play. Charles Poitras, Chummie Milan, and Charles Barbour gave evidence that they will be able to take over next year where the Seniors left off.

Outstanding scoring feats were turned in by Robert Betts in the first Penobscot game 15 points, Frank McVeigh in the second Brooksville game 15 points, and Raymond Poitras in the second Brooklin game 16 points. The foul shooting of McVeigh was generally excellent, as he averaged forty per cent for the season.

Letters were awarded to Co-Captains Raymond Poitras and Frank McVeigh, Myron Hardy, Robert Betts, Frank Pickering, Robert Haskell, and Manager Gilbert Taylor. Numerals went to Charles Poitras and Lindsey Milan.

The gold basketball for foul shooting was won by Frank McVeigh, and that for the most valuable player went to Myron Hardy.

The scores on the boys' games were as follows:

Penobscot	41	McKinley	35	Penobscot	51	McKinley	19
Alumni	30	McKinley	25	Blue Hill	41	McKinley	15
Blue Hill	53	McKinley	18	Brooksville	19	McKinley	29
Brooksville	29	McKinley	17	Castine	60	McKinley	23
Castine	38	McKinley	16	Stonington	13	McKinley	12
Stonington	23	McKinley	8	Brooklin	14	McKinley	34
Brooklin	34	McKinley	8				

The scoring was as follows:

	F.G.	Free G.	T.P.
F. McVeigh	26	23	75
R. Betts	24	10	58
R. Poitras	25	9	59
F. Pickering	12	4	28
C. Poitras	5	2	12
R. Haskell	2	0	4
M. Hardy	6	4	16
L. Milan	1	2	4

Back row—L. Poitras, J. Haskell, N. Greenlaw.
Second row—Mr. Marrieon, B. Eaton, C. Howard, J. Howard, M. Haskell, C. Hutchinson, C. Dunham, R. Eaton.
First row—L. Small, M. Barbour, C. Billings, M. Hill, S. Eaton, E. Hill.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Although we had talked about starting a basketball team for several years, it was never possible to have one until this year. We began by playing volleyball on the field beside the school for two periods a week. Then Robert Haskell and Myron Hardy put up a backboard and we began to practice after school and on weekends. The Saturday after the Fair the boys painted the Town Hall floor, and practice began in earnest. Our practices were Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, the first one being on November 12. Seventeen girls went out for basketball.

The starting lineup for the first game was, Elizabeth Hill, center, Clara Howard and Mary Alice Barbour forwards, and Marjorie Hill, Marjorie Haskell and Christine Dunham guards. Our opponent, Penobscot, doubtless anticipating an easy victory were surprised to find us leading through the first half, though by a small margin. The greater game experience of the opponents finally enabled them to overtake us and go on to a 51 to 35 victory. In both of our next games we were defeated, by Blue Hill and Brooksville. Our first victory was over the alumni on January 12. Our first interscholastic victory was over Stonington two days later at the Red Barn. In this game Stonington held a four and five point lead over most of the first three quarters. However we closed up the gap in an exciting finish, pulled out a 20-18 victory.

The opening game of the second half of the schedule provided us with our next great moment. "Watch that number 18," shouted the Penobscot fans time and again, but in spite of it, Lucy rolled up 34 points, as we exactly reversed the tables on our foes, 51-35, on their own floor. The league-leading Blue Hill team next rolled into town, undefeated. Much to everyone's surprise, we jumped off to a quick lead and at the half were at the front 14-5. With less than three minutes to go we still led, and it wasn't until the last minute that Blue Hill got ahead and won the game. Considering the score of the first game, we felt we had come a long way. Our last two games, with Stonington and Brooklin, were easy victories.

The season has been most satisfactory both in the results and in the spirit shown by the team members. Starting with a group of girls who had never played the game, the team, tied for the cellar position after three games, worked itself up to third place in the league and to the undisputed championship of the Island. Much of this was due to the efforts of the substitutes, who by their faithful attendance and practice and their spirit helped the team achieve its record.

At a spring assembly letters and numerals were awarded. Those receiving letters were Co-captains Marjorie Hill '47 and Lucy Small '50, Mary Alice Barbour '48, Elizabeth Hill '48, Cornelia Billings '49, Sylvia Eaton '49, Marjorie Haskell '47, and Manager Rosamond Eaton '47.

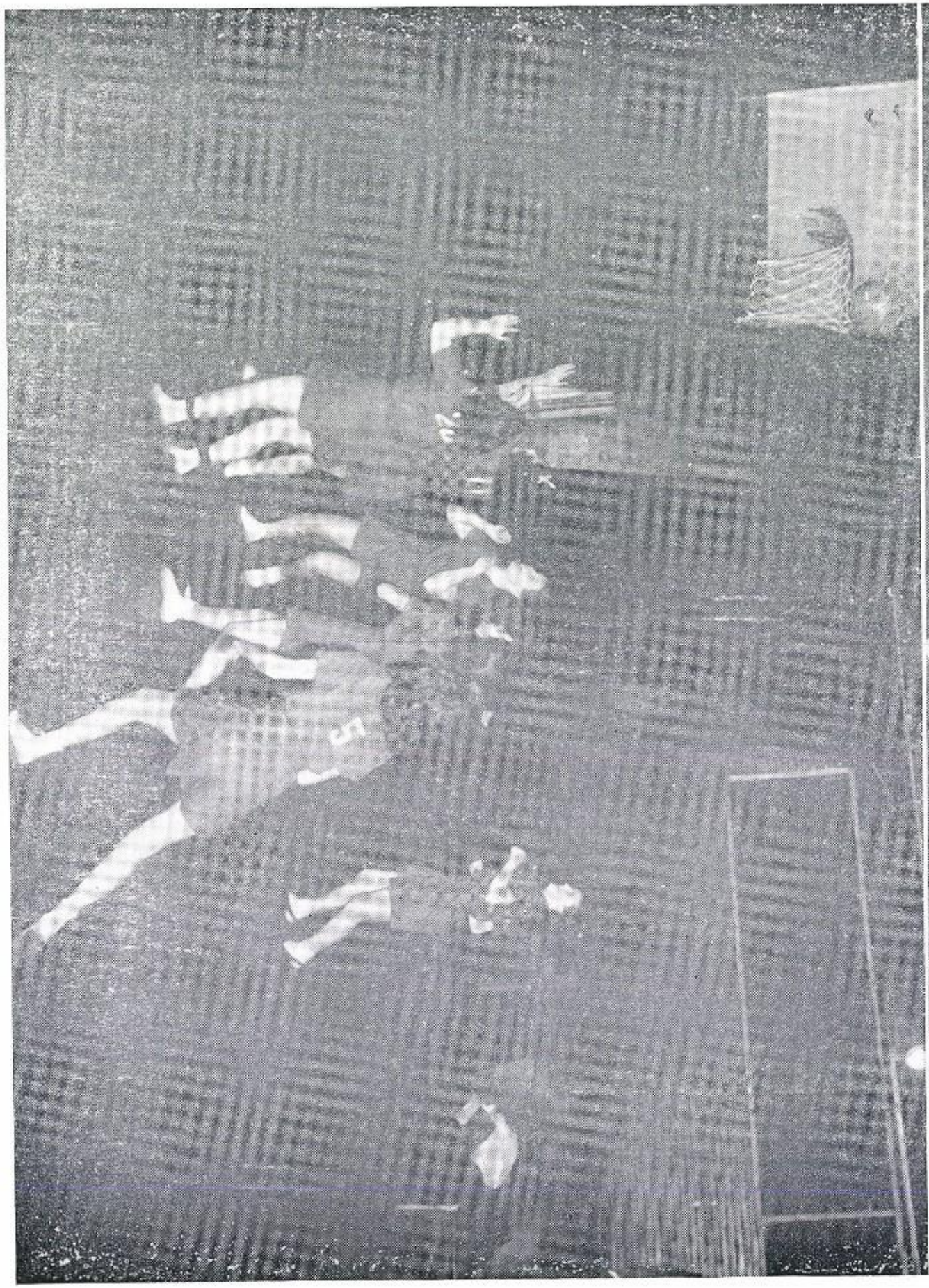
The gold basketballs for foul shooting were awarded for guards to Joan Howard '50, and forwards to Elizabeth Hill '48. The gold basketball for outstanding player went to Cornelia Billings '49.

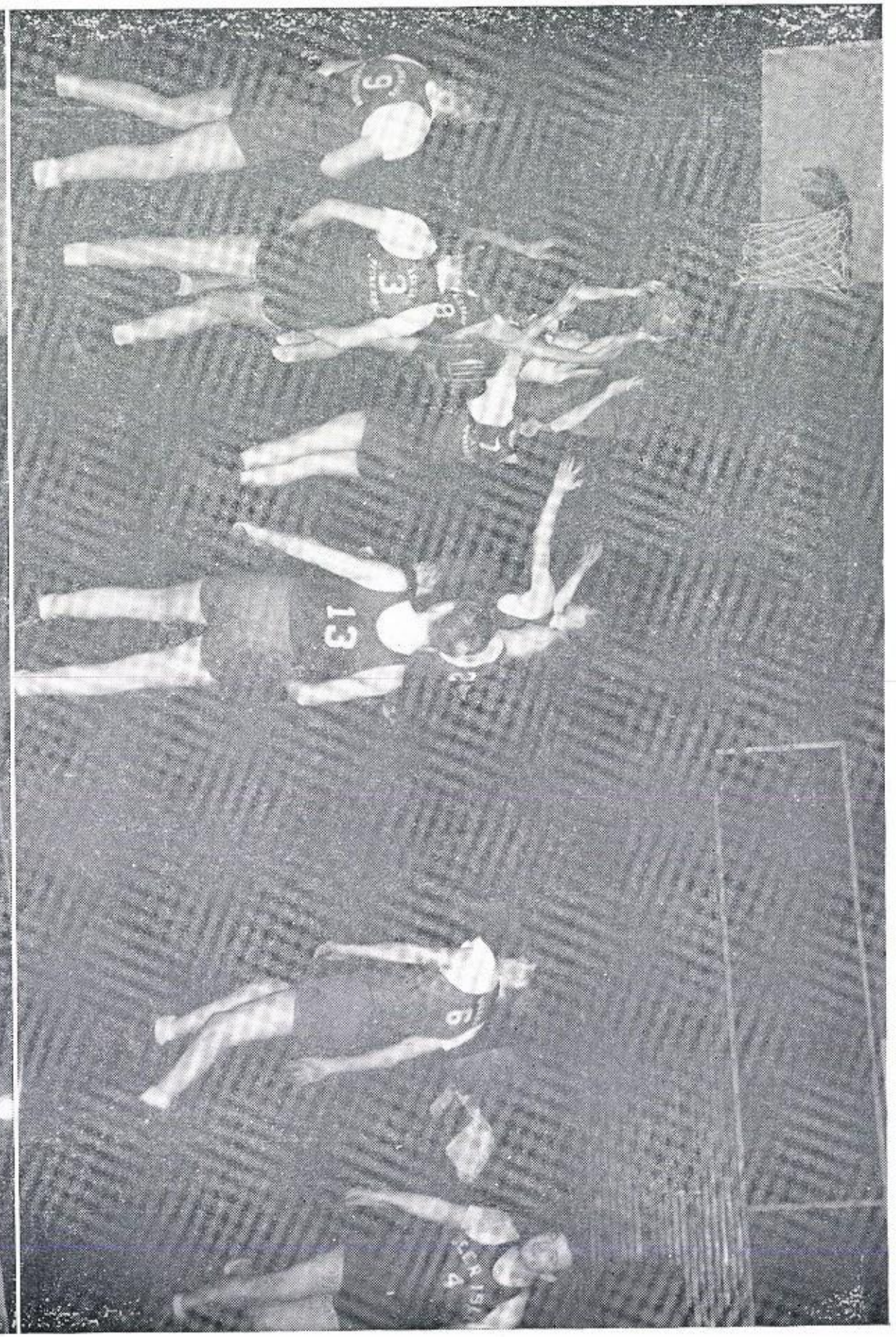
The scores of the girls' games were as follows:

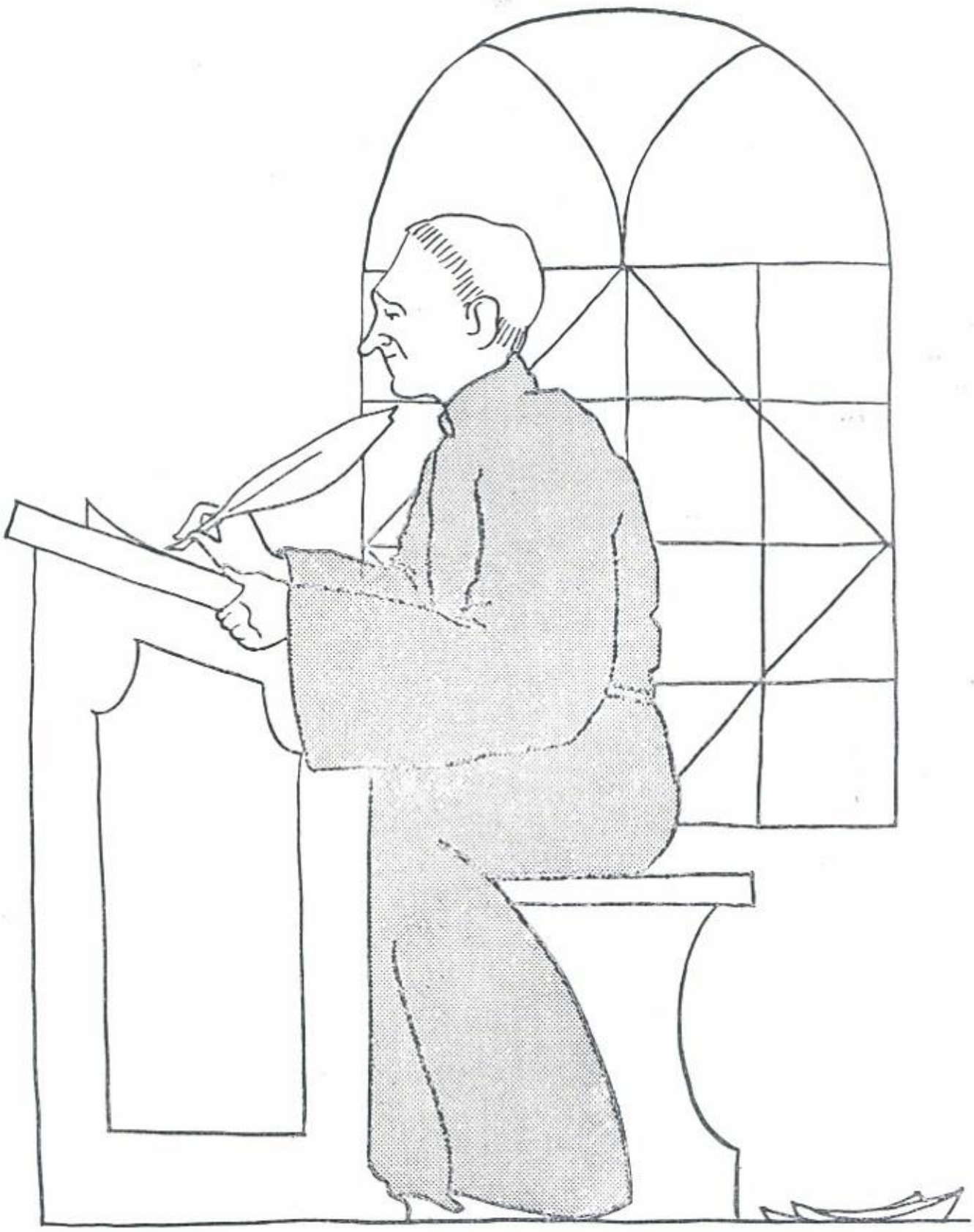
Penobscot	51	McKinley	35	Penobscot	35	McKinley	51
Blue Hill	63	McKinley	9	Blue Hill	23	McKinley	18
Brooksville	57	McKinley	7	Brooksville	27	McKinley	10
Alumni	26	McKinley	29	Castine	35	McKinley	21
Stonington	18	McKinley	20	Stonington	9	McKinley	29
Brooklin	35	McKinley	13	Brooklin	7	McKinley	20

The scoring was as follows:

	F.G.	Free G.	T.P.
L. Small	49	6	104
E. Hill	40	15	95
M. Barbour	14	2	30
C. Howard	8	0	16
B. Eaton	4	1	9
G. Barbour	3	0	6
L. Poitras	1	0	2
C. Hutchinson	1	0	2
N. Greenlaw	0	1	1







Literature

"THANK YOU" NOTES

By FRANK PICKERING, '49

"Hi, Haskell, what are all those letters for?"

"Why hello, Webb, where did you come from? These letters? Oh, these are thank you notes."

"Thank you notes! Thanks for what?"

"Well, take this one for instance. This one goes to Mr. Edwards to be printed in the Messenger. You remember that fair we had last fall? Well, for weeks everyone was busy. The Seniors were in everybody's orchards gathering apples to be used for cider. The Juniors were making popcorn balls and decorating their ice cream booth at the Town Hall. The Sophomores were dashing from house to house asking for white elephants and grabs and selling tickets on a decorated cake. As for the freshmen, they were a sight to behold. They came from all directions laden with donations of squashes, potatoes, pumpkins, turnips, and every known variety of vegetables. The eighth grade was not to be outdone with their collection of baked beans, brownbread, and home canned foods. The night of the fair people came from miles around. We made enough to supply most of our basketball needs. Now do you see why we are sending this note of thanks to the townspeople? Without their support the fair would not have been a success.

These next letters are going to the public spirited business men who donated nine of our basketball suits. Let's see, here's Barter Lumber, Haskell and Pickering, S. Pickering and Son, Beck's Market, E. W. Haskell, A. R. Bray, A. C. Heanssler, A. E. Marshall, and the Firemen's Association. Believe me, we are more than grateful to these men.

Here's another letter addressed to Mr. Edwards. I'm asking him to print this note in his paper also. You know, last year we had our annual magazine drive. For two weeks the boys and girls were canvassing the town for subscriptions. There was a hotly contended contest between the boys and girls which the boys finally won. We made a nice profit, thanks to our parents and friends, who saved their subscriptions for us. In some instances I'm afraid that we caused the busy people much inconvenience.

This one goes to the Firemen's Association. You see, the Firemen have done much toward obtaining a suitable athletic field. Looking over possible locations, they wrote to Dr. Fred S. Powers, who is an alumnus of McKinley High School, about a large tract of land in his possession. To our delight he gave this land to be used for our athletic field. We are most grateful to Dr. Powers. Being blessed with generous summer people and inhabitants, we have also a fund, which is steadily growing, for improving and maintaining the Athletic Field.

Last but not least, is a note of appreciation to our principal and coach, Mr. Matheson. Through his generous gift of time and effort we have obtained much equipment and have established two fairly good basketball teams.

Do you see now, Webb, why I've written these letters?"

"See why, Haskell? I certainly do!"

A FISHING TRIP

By WILBUR MacDONALD, '49

The sun was just rising when Dad and I started on our fishing trip. The sky was very blue and the green water was as calm as could be. The day before, we had fixed our boat and fish lines so that they would be ready in the morning. Our boat was in a little cove on Penobscot Bay. We planned to go off shore about ten miles. Our boat, a small power boat, wouldn't go very fast, but we made good time just the same.

When we reached the fishing grounds, I went up front and cast the anchor overboard. It went into the water with a big splash. When it had hit bottom I put the end of the hawser through the chocks and tied it to the bits. Then I went down aft and we got our lines out, put some clams on the hooks, and threw the lines overboard. When they struck bottom we hauled them up about six feet; then we waited for a bite.

The sun was up quite high now, and it was shining down on us with a bright, warm light. Dad was the first to get a bite. He hauled in a big rock cod. The fish had started to bite. We pulled in fish after fish. We kept this up until about two o'clock and then we started for home.

It had breezed up some now, and once in a while a wave would hit our boat just right, sending spray high into the air. Sometimes the wind would catch the wet spray and blow it into our faces.

We reached home about three o'clock. We put our boat to the mooring, loaded our fish into a rowboat, and took them ashore. Then we trudged homeward, tired, happy, and successful.

THE RESERVOIR ROOSTERS

By A. DOWE EATON

The usual time that roosters roost is at dusk, but the Reservoir Roosters are apt to be at roost at any time of the day, that is, morning, noon or night.

The Reservoir is a low square structure with a very slanting roof. On the inside are two trap doors for obtaining water. It is the railing in front of this edifice that, with its view of the school buildings, the Harbor and all incoming and outgoing traffic to the Bridge, serves as seats for schoolboys.

It all starts when the bus comes in in the morning. One fellow who wants candy from the Harbor, or wishes to enjoy a cigarette sits on the rail by the Reservoir. Others, walking by, stop to talk to him, and the line keeps growing till the rail is covered. Some of the roosters crow while still others flap their wings at chickens passing by. When the first bell rings, everybody dashes for the schoolhouse, leaving the Reservoir with a vacant perch.

At noon, after lunch is over, the rail is again covered, some reading the daily paper, others disputing about a geometry theorem. Of course boys are not noted for gossip, but there seems to be plenty going on. Basketball and football get all worn out before the bell rings for afternoon session. They again foregather at 3:00, but not for long, because there is usually basketball practice or some other interest which gives them much more pleasure than sitting on a rail.

Alas for the roosters in cold and stormy winter weather. No perching in comfort then! And, we often wonder, what would happen if the rail by the Reservoir was permanently taken down? I believe that the Reservoir itself would have to bear the weight of the ten or twelve roosters, as it is the mid-point between the school and the restaurant.

Voyage in Old Ironsides

By GILBERT TAYLOR, '47

One day I thought I'd take a trip
And use a washtub for a ship;
A worn-out sheet used as a sail
Would take me through the greatest gale.

I sailed the seas from here to Asia
Without a compass or any measure.
But, not to be bragging, I got safe home,
No more to sail the frothy foam.

When I awoke, the sun was bright,
And all around me the sand gleamed white.
I had not voyaged on the deep—
I'd dreamed it on shore, a lad asleep!

My End

By DENISE SNOWMAN, '50

A new Buick hit me and knocked me down
That's all I can recall.
When I awoke, my attending nurse
Was white capped Lucy Small.

The M.D. was Charlie Poitras
And he handled my case with care.
He put me in a private room,
With plenty of light and air.

The time for visitors arrived
And Carolyn and Gloria came in;
They brought me some chocolates Joan had sent,
And some cookies in a tin.

A scrub woman came to wash the floor
Brooksie was her name.
No wonder she was getting Gray,
For she had married Duane.

They called Reverend Elmer Spofford
When they found I was getting worse;
And undertaker Bruce Haskell
Drove up in a big black hearse.

When I arrived at the Golden Gate
Archie Pickering greeted me;
When I asked for Saint Peter
He informed me, it was he.

Two angels passed me a golden harp
Now we drift o'er a cloudy sky;
Just ask for Norman Haskell,
Raymond Poitras, and I.

Ten Hours Behind the Bar (Ken-Moore's Cafe)

By Charlotte Hutchinson, '48

If you spend ten hours behind the bar,
You'll see odd people from near and far.
For instance, the child with his penny to spend,
Standing there wishing he had ten.

Bobby comes in with his small lady fair,
Flashes a dime, and says, "Take what's there."
She asks for an ice cream—six cents,
Bobby has water—He's one of our gents.

Some come and sit, but wait for the rush,
Then they'll start calling for dinner and such.
They're in such a hurry, can't wait till it's ready,
Cancel the order, "Come on nerves, hold steady."

Then comes the school rush, oh what a mob,
Threatening the waitress, that she'll lose her job.
If she doesn't speed up—snap out of her spell.
For they have to be back at the ring of the bell.

Then at last, comes quarter past twelve,
Out they all run with a whoop and a yell,
The owners sit down a moment and sigh,
For out in the kitchen, are dishes stacked high.

In comes the girl who can't make up her mind,
Reads all the flavors to find the right kind.
Says she wants chocolate, but waits till we dip,
Then changes to a soda, and sits down to sip.

After these characters have all gone home,
Out in the kitchen the waitresses roam.
They look at the dishes, almost to the ceiling,
And wonder why customers aren't more appealing.

At last we can all sit down with a sigh,
Another hard day has just gone by.
To look into tomorrow would be looking too far,
Into ten hours more behind the bar.

BLACKS ON THE WING

By FRANK PICKERING, '49

"Sh-h-h! you old black dog. Sit in that basket and stop that whining before you have the whole family awake."

With these words I stepped out into the foggy grayness. All was white with frost, and the air was so tangy and sharp that I had to pull my earlappers down. Stepping into the woods, I felt the intense quietness. From off in the distance came the caw of a crow, as it went on its morning hunting trip. The sound made me quicken my pace, for I knew that dawn was approaching. As I was crossing a little brook, with the first signs of ice about its edges, I heard a snort, a crashing of the underbrush, and the scrape of antlers, and a buck deer bounded away in fright. Forgetting the sounds of the woods, I soon became aware that I was near the clearing where Ben was to meet me. Stepping into the clearing, I found Ben waiting for me with a look of patience on his face.

"Hiyah, Pal. Where have you been all day?"

"Overslept a little, I guess. All set?"

"Yeah, what have you for a gun?"

"Oh, I brought the same old cannon. Let's go."

There was very little conversation as we crept down to the blind which we had built the day before on the shore. Peeping over the top, we looked anxiously about to see if there were ducks anywhere in sight. There was not a moving thing to be seen except our string of decoys rising and falling gently on the swell of the incoming tide. Settling back and making ourselves comfortable, we began to wait for results. How still it was. The gentle lap, lap, lap, of the water on the shore had a lulling effect. The shrill cry of a sea gull now and then was the only other sound to break the stillness. Away in the East the sun's edge began to appear and in a few minutes the earth was bathed with dazzling light. Suddenly the trance the out of doors had laid over me was broken by a poke and a whisper, "Here they come."

Instantly I became tense, with gun ready and with my eyes scanning the blue horizon. Then I saw them. It was a small flock, but all that we could handle. Then we heard the whirr of their wings as they came sliding in for a landing. There was a series of splashings as the birds hit the water. They were out of gun range but were rapidly swimming in. Soon the air was filled with the contented quackings of feeding ducks. How serenely they swam on the small waves that the morning breeze had started. When they came within forty yards I nudged Ben. There was a crash as two guns went off together and then the sound of a few single reports.

Not long after we were wearing big grins, as we swung off toward home. And no wonder, for there were three black ducks dangling over Ben's shoulder and two over mine. With a happy "So long 'till the next time," we parted, and I headed for home. Opening the door, I yelled, "Hi, Ma! Breakfast ready? Hey, you old black dog."

"Woof!"

"Yes, sir, they're ducks!"

PITCHERS ON PARADE

By CHRISTINE DUNHAM, '49

Ever since I was a little girl, I have always loved going to my grandmother's house and standing in awe before the shelves that hold her most cherished possessions. This is a collection of milk and cream pitchers of every size, shape, color, and design. There are large pitchers with gay colored faces and tiny ones of clear glass with painted designs. Some are cracked with age, for she started this collection when she was only five years old; others are sparkling with newness, the gifts of friends, who remember her beautiful collection and bring her new ones often. From all over the world these pitchers have come, from England, Canada, South America, Mexico, and from nearly every State in the Union.

One pitcher I like especially well. This is a very tiny one, with minute painting on the sides. This pitcher is kept in a small box with cotton over it, because it is so fragile. I also like a blue one with the Queen and King of England on it. This was brought across the ocean by one of her many friends.

In spite of her ninety-four years, my grandmother takes her pitchers down each Spring and washes each of the five hundred separately. If one were broken it would be a real tragedy to her. For these pitchers are to my grandmother a connection with the world of her youth, and they hold many memories of people and places she used to know.

TRIBUTE TO G. TAYLOR

By GILBERT TAYLOR, '47

During the past four years at M. H. S., G. Taylor has been one of the chief benefactors of the school. He has also been one of the most tolerant ones. The students of M. H. S. have always received his jokes with glee, joy, and much amusement. Every joke he ever told was screamingly funny. He never, during his stay at M. H. S. uttered a corny joke.

The work of his pen was always received with much enthusiasm. Above all, I think that the students in the chemistry, geometry, English, and French classes appreciate his efforts in their behalf; namely, the great help he gave them in these studies.

So, in conclusion, may I make a suggestion: I suggest that the students donate to this distinguished gentleman a gift of money sufficient to enable him to obtain gas for his motorbike, and provide for him a retirement fund, in cash.

So to you, G. Taylor, I, and I am confident that the student body feels the same way as I, extend my best wishes for a happy and prosperous future.

THE SECOND BATTLE

By BEVERLY DUNHAM, '47

Late summer lay over the midwestern farm of the Jones family. Acres and acres of wheat stretched over the rolling plains. The house and great barn were set on a kind of plateau, half way up a rolling slope. It was a modern farm with terraced ditches, smooth rich fields, new fences, and remodeled farm buildings.

It had just come over the radio that a squadron of planes was taking off from Squadee Airport, to spray and halt the swarm of locusts that were coming from the northwest.

Anxious faces scanned the skies. Inside the Jones farmhouse, everyone was unnaturally quiet. Would their wheat crop be destroyed before the planes arrived? No, it just couldn't be! Not after they had spent all their time and energy making it the best looking field of wheat in the county.

Trudy, the youngest, broke the silence by comforting her mother and brother, who were very tense and quiet.

"Mother, just think what this would have meant a hundred years ago. Everything will be all right, you just wait and see."

Jeff, the only son, who had been fidgeting, suddenly spoke up.

"That reminds me! Let's go up in the attic and hunt through that old trunk, Trudy. Just for something to do. Mom, you said we could, some day. We'll put things back where we found them."

"All right children, but don't bother your father, whatever you do."

Equipped with flashlights and keys, they put the ladder into place. Jeff ascended first, then Trudy. The lock was old and rusty, but with help of a hammer they had brought along, they managed to lift the heavy cover.

On top was a black wool robe. Underneath was a variety of things including a long white lace wedding dress.

"It's pretty, but awfully old fashioned, don't you think?" ventured Trudy. "It must have been great-grandmother Effie's."

Then there was a layer of all sorts of books. There were hymn books, cookbooks, an old Bible, and among them a black leather diary.

They flashed the light on the first page they opened to—

"Scarsdale, New York, April 16, 1852 — Wednesday — warm weather is on the way. We are preparing for a journey. John went into town today for supplies."

With a shriek of delight Trudy descended the ladder. She sat in the kitchen and read the account aloud.

This is the story that it told:

"It was during the winter of 1868 when newly married John and Effie made up their minds to go west, and in April of 1869, they set out well provided for. They traveled over beautiful country, and the landscape changed almost daily. By August they were at their claim there. The homestead consisted of 500 acres of land, all to be theirs if they would stay there and work the land for five years. Their "home" was built of sod, and was made for the expected gales and blizzards.

Winter came and went. Preparations were being made for the spring planting. The persistent snows melted, and creek overflowed its banks.

Weeks later the green wheat was waist high. Late in July the weather was hot and muggy. The wheat would be ready for cutting in a couple of weeks. A few mornings later Effie was doing her housework, when she happened to glance out the window. She froze with terror, she couldn't move, she couldn't speak! A gigantic black cloud wass moving swiftly over the sun, blotting out its light. Grasshoppers! Millions of them! And the wheat—. John was shouting for her to set fire to the field around the wheat. He was driving the horses around the wheat, making a ditch to protect it.

The grasshoppers were dropping now by the hundreds! Effie was trying to keep the fire from jumping to the wheat. The insects crunched sickeningly under her feet. They were everywhere, in her hair, in her clothes, in her shoes—she was exhausted.

John told her to go in and rest. She got supper. At last he came in; his hair was singed, his eyes were bloodshot, and he was grimy with smoke. He sank to the bench listlessly.

The next day not a spear of grass was left on the prairie.

"It's all gone, Effie. Not even enough left for seed."

She reassured him. "It'll be all right. We'll get started again somehow. At least we have our savings."

And so time went on. They got their new farmhouse. Their dreams had come true through the years.

Time moves forward nearly a century.

Over that same farm in 1946 there is a monotonous drone in the distance. The squadron! The tiny specks grow larger and the drone increases. Now the planes are flying low over the great fields, a white poisonous liquid spraying from the jets at the tails of the planes. The grasshoppers have scarcely landed. Millions are intercepted in midair by the deadly liquid. About twenty minutes later the planes dipped their wings in salute and headed toward the west.

An hour later the men were scraping up shovelfulls of the scaly insects and dumping them into wheelbarrows, to be hauled off and buried. The wheat stood tall and golden.

This was the same wild land that two people had tamed so many years before.

A row of cottonwood trees protected the white farmhouse on the northwest. A silo loomed above the great barn. The August sun was bright upon the ripe wheat.

Yes, they could be proud of their inheritance. They were proud!

ALUMNI

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

President ..... Karlotta Beach
Secretary ..... Christine Pickering
Treasurer ..... Leon Weed
Committee ..... Annabelle Weed, Katherine Milan
Erma Weed, Norma Powers, Marvel Torrey

Alumni Banquet

McKinley High School

June 4, 1947

Lloyd Capen, Toastmaster

Program

Welcome to Class of 1946 ..... Annabelle Weed
Response ..... Myrtle Billings
Musical Selection ..... Katherine Milan
Reading ..... Marvel Torrey
Trumpet Solo ..... Mabel Haskell

Initiation

Business Meeting

Closing Song, "America"

ALUMNI BANQUET

By NEVILLE EATON, '46

The Alumni Banquet on June 4, given in honor of the class of 1946, with Lloyd Capen as toastmaster, was, next to graduation, the last event which we participated in as a class.

To start the eventful evening off, the class was given a turkey dinner by the Alumni of McKinley High School.

Later in the evening a welcome to the Class of 1946 was given by Annabelle Weed, with response by Myrtle (Billings) Brown.

Katherine Milan presented musical selections which were greatly enjoyed by the class, Alumni members and guests. A reading and trumpet solo were rendered by Marvel Torrey and Mabel Haskell respectively. Next on the program was the long dreaded thing called initiation, in charge of Erma Weed and Karlotta Beach. Everyone in the class did his part and enjoyed it as much as the spectators.

After the class had been made members of the Alumni Association, the business meeting, the last event of the evening, took place. The meeting closed with the singing of America.

ALUMNI

1927—Gwendolyn (Greenlaw) Davis, Deer Isle; Marguerite (Coid) Perry, Rockland, Me.; Emery Cole, Sunset; Lewis Ellis, deceased; Dennis Gray, Sunset; Isabel (Lufkin) Gray, New London, Conn.; E. Walker Pickering, Deer Isle; Helen (Lufkin) Dunham, Deer Isle.

1932—Annie Adams, Atlanta, Mass.; Fred Eaton, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Gerald Eaton, Deer Isle; Maurice Eaton, New York; Ruth (Eaton) Russel, New York; Virginia Eaton, Miami, Fla.; Karlotta (Knowlton) Beach, Deer Isle; Marjorie (Thompson) Cox, deceased.

1937—Janice (Haskell) Plumb, Morris, Conn.; Chesley Goodwin, Little Deer Isle; Myrtle Pressey, Deer Isle; Henry Haskell, Aberdeen, Md.; Sargent Weed, Little Deer Isle; Everett Conary, Deer Isle; Wilma (Snowman) Siano, Springfield, Mass.; Eleanor (Eaton) Thompson, Sunshine; Sylvia (Betts) Titsworth, Springdale, Conn.; Norma Powers, Deer Isle; Theron Pickering, Ellsworth, Me.; Leroy Shepard, Stoneham, Mass.; Ardelle (Bray) Armstrong, Deer Isle; Charles Haskell, Portland, Me.; Priscilla (Bray) Douglas, Portland, Me.

1942—Jack Hamblin, Deer Isle; Wilson Haskell, U. of M.; Hazel (Hutchinson) Stevens, Auburn, Mass.; William Knowlton, Rhinebeck, N. Y.; Anna (Betts) Gallichio, Stamford, Conn.; Zella (Bray) Haskell, Stonington; Anna Douglas) Fifield, Stonington; Therese (Eaton) Billings, Stonington; Ada (Scott) Pellitui, Boston, Mass.; Frederick Spofford, U.S.N.R.; Dorothy (Watts) Apostilico, Hartford, Conn.; Barbara (Weed) Haskell, Bath, Me.

1943—Dexter Billings, U.S.A.A.C.; Lloyd Capen, U. of M. Brunswick Annex; Lenora Eaton, South Deer Isle; Emery Hardy, North Deer Isle; Cecil Hardy, Jr., deceased; Betty Haskell, Stonington; Mark Haskell, Lynn, Mass.; Annie (Johnson) Saunders, Blue Hill, Me.; Pauline (Nevells) Pickering, Stonington; Kendall Powers, U. of M.; Marie (Thompson) Andrews, Bath, Me.; Forrest Wardwell, Brewer, Me.

1944—Annette Bray, South Deer Isle; Byron Bray, Deer Isle; Carolyn (Eaton) Eaton, Portland, Me.; Leroy Haskell, Deer Isle; Veryl Robbins, South Deer Isle; Joyce Scott, U. of M.; Luriine Taylor, Bangor, Me.

1945—Donna Barter, Colby College; Muriel (Conary) Billings, Stonington.

1946—Madelyn (Billings) Eaton, Deer Isle; Myrtle (Billings) Brown, North Deer Isle; Wendell Davis, U.S.A.; Barbara Eaton, Bangor; Carlotta Eaton, Little Deer Isle; Neville Eaton, South Deer Isle; Sadie Eaton, Little Deer Isle; Sheldon Eaton, New York; Phyllis (Joyce) Wyman, Bangor; Milton Haskell, Little Deer Isle; Carol Weed, Deer Isle; Colby Weed, U.S.A.

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